

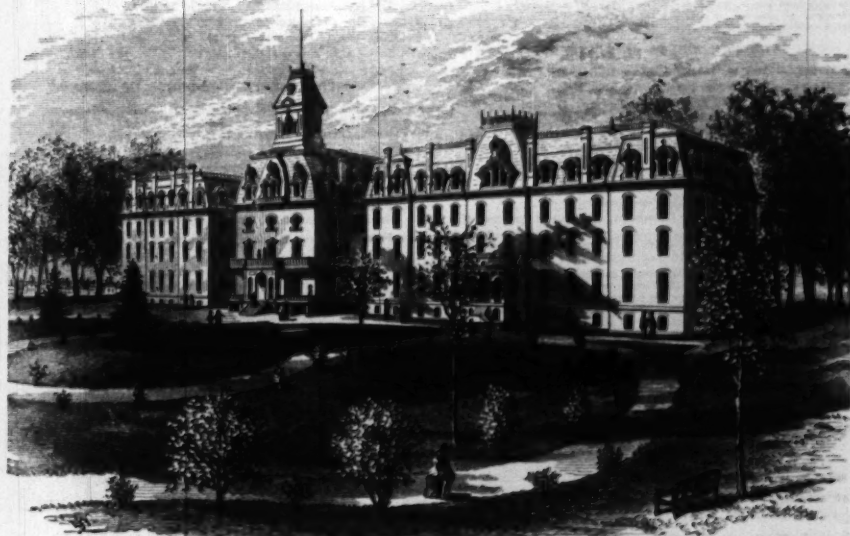
Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. V.

MAY, 1901.

No. 5.



Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tenn.

510 & Tremont & Temple
Boston

"Topics for 1901."

JANUARY.
Cuba and Porto Rico.
FEBRUARY.
Alaska.
MARCH.
Southern Schools.
APRIL.
Chinese in America.
MAY.
Our Home Mission Field.
JUNE.
Anniversary Echoes.
JULY.
Mexico and New Mexico.
AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.
Temperance and Home Missions.
OCTOBER.
Indiana.
NOVEMBER.
Morocco.
DECEMBER.
The Outlook.

HOME MISSION ECHOES.

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

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HINTS AND HELPS

Suggested Program for May.

Subject: "Immigration."

Praise service, closing with "America."

Scripture reading: Isa. 1: 1-27.

Prayer.

Sketch: "A Picture," describing what one would see on an emigrant ship or train bound for the United States.

Five-minute papers or talks:

1. Who are these people?
2. What perils do they bring to us?
 - a. "Racial deterioration."
 - b. "Moral "
 - c. "Religious "
3. What are the foregleams of light?

Scripture text: Eph. 2: 13, 19-22.

Hymn: "Rescue the Perishing."

4 What is our duty?

Poem: "The Present Crisis," by J. R. Lowell, — the whole or part.

Hymn: "God bless our native land."

Parting text: 2 Chron. 20: 15, last clause.

References to literature:

New England's New Duty.
Our Foreign Population.
The Germans in America.
The Swedes in America.
The French in the United States.
Work among the Italians of America.
The Popular Science Monthly for 1895 and 1896.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—Tennyson.

Vol. V.

MAY, 1901.

No. 5.

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Editorial.



WHILE we are congratulating ourselves upon our free and glorious country in this, the opening of the twentieth century, it is well for us to look at the recent additions to our population, and find what is likely to be the effect of the newcomers upon our national life.

During the year ending June 30, 1900, nearly half a million immigrants came to our shores; this being the largest number that has come since 1893. March 21st was a busy day for the port of Boston. The Cunard steamer *Saxonia* arrived upon that date with the largest number of steerage passengers of the season, 687 in all. This is the first of a number of heavy lists of immigrants, due at the Boston port this spring. About 2,500 are expected during March and April. It is a noteworthy change that the Irishmen and Germans, who formerly came to us in such large numbers, have given way to the Italian, the Jew, and the Slav. It is a pleasure to read from recent reports from Boston, as well as New York, that few of these new immigrants come from the slums of old world cities. Most of the newcomers are country people, and have their first glimpse of city life in the cities of America. These country people, most of them poor, many young and inexperienced, are necessarily thrown, upon landing, into the company of the poorest and most vicious element of our large cities. The ordinary tenement-house, even in America, with its advanced ideas, is not calculated to give these homesick peasant people exalted ideas of our civilization. We need to care for these ignorant country people, and throw around them all the safeguards which a Christian government has at its command. Many of these newcomers will soon be voters, and, as a body, these men will be potent factors in moulding our national life. It would be a wise undertaking for our philanthropic and religious societies to establish homes in greater numbers near the wharves, in our seaport cities; erect simple but comfortable tenement-houses, at low rents; and, better than all, support warm-hearted, earnest Christian men and women to meet

these incoming hosts, and give them words of cheer in their loneliness. It has long been our desire that our Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society might have a missionary in Boston whose work should be devoted to these strangers from across the sea. In order to do this, we need not only money for the salary of the worker, but money for Bibles, literature, and means for aiding the poor and homeless ones who may be found among these immigrants.

This is only one of many lines of work which are awaiting the Society, when the thousands of Baptist women of New England who are *not interested in missions*, give out of their abundance and their penury.

Anniversary Meetings.

THE Anniversary Meetings of our denomination will be held in the Highland Baptist Church, Springfield, Mass., beginning May 22, 1901. Upon Tuesday evening, May 21st, the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society will hold a meeting in this same church. We are expecting Mrs. Amanda Miller Coleman, Mrs. William Scott, and others to address the meeting. We wish a large number of our Baptist women could be present at this meeting, and meet the officers of the Society as well as our speakers. We shall have headquarters in the church, and we earnestly desire to meet all the women possible.

WE believe the banner Circle in New England is to be found at Point Judith, R. I. Here is a woman's society of only nine members, but they have sent us thirty-nine dollars during the year. What Circle can exceed this one?

THERE is such an urgent request for the quarterly letter of the Young People's Missionary, Mrs. Janie P. Duggan, of Porto Rico, that the Board has decided to send the letter for one year for the sum of twenty-five cents. Those desiring this letter can secure it by sending to Mrs. James McWhinnie, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. The first number of the year will be issued in May, 1901.

Notes.



SINCE January, 1899, seven thousand Russian Doukhobors have settled in Canada, where the government has granted them lands. One detachment of these settlers came under the leadership of Sergius Fialstov, a son of the well-known Russian novelist.

DURING the month of May, 1900, fifty thousand six hundred (50,600) immigrants arrived in New York City.

In an exchange we read: "Of twenty-five native pastors assisting one of our (Presbyterian) missionaries in China, twenty were converted in America."

THE Christian Endeavor Society of one mission church among the Chinese in San Francisco gave to foreign missions the sum of \$863 in one year.

In Chicago there are eighty-five thousand Bohemians. Two missions are at work among them.

In Mulberry Street, New York City, there is a library and reading-room for Italians. Last year about ninety-five thousand people availed themselves of the advantages thus afforded.

THERE are probably about twelve hundred Chinese connected with the different missions in San Francisco. There are twenty thousand of this nationality in that city, and it is asserted that fifteen hundred of these are women slaves. A girl of sixteen years of age is now worth two or three thousand dollars.

In the United States there are over one hundred thousand Hungarians and slaves. These are employed chiefly in mines and factories.

PRESIDENT Jefferson presided over a country of 900,000 square miles; President McKinley presides over a country of 3,602,990 square miles.

OUT of one million five hundred thousand (1,500,000) French Canadians, it is stated that seven hundred thousand (700,000) can neither read nor write. — *Selected.*

DUTIES are pressing on me,
And the time for work is brief;
What if with purblind vision
I neglect the very chief?

What if I do with ardor
What a thousand could, may be,
And leave undone forever
What was meant for only me?

From that, O Master, save me!
Move my hand, thought, voice, and pen,
To their peculiar service
In this world of needy men!

And oh! whatever labors
Are not finished with my day,
Let them be for self — for others
Grant the doing, Lord: I pray!
—Charlotte Fiske Bates, in *Sunday School Times*.

Boston's Spring Trade.

COMMISSIONER of Immigration Billings stated yesterday that he expected the heaviest tide of immigrant travel to Boston this spring in the history of the port. This class of travel has set in heavier than usual, first, because of a natural increase in the number of immigrants who desire to come by way of Boston, and, secondly, because there are better facilities for bringing them here this year than there were last, when most of the steamers of the English lines were in the service of the government, carrying troops and supplies to South Africa.

Yesterday's arrivals were a most promising lot with which to start the spring season's importation. About 500 of the 687 were Swedes and Norwegians, and the rest English, Irish, and Scotch, with here and there a German or Italian. About 75 were embarked at Queenstown.

Most of the Scandinavians are bound for points in Minnesota and Wisconsin, and 360 of them were taken out of Boston last evening by a special train over the Boston & Albany road.

As the immigrants poured off the steamer and were turned into the large enclosure, with its tall picket fence, at the outer end of the great Cunard dock sheds, it was to be seen that they were a fine body of men and women. There were very few old or infirm, and not many children. Men predominated, and they were young, strong, self-respecting looking fellows, who held their heads high, looked everybody in the face, and seemed filled with hope and assurance that in the new country where they found themselves things would go well with them.

When the whole 687 had been transferred to the enclosure, the work of examining them began. There were seven desks placed in a row in front of the offices used by the immigration authorities. To each desk ran an alley of ropes, and into each of these 60 immigrants were lined up, to take their turns at the desks, where inspectors and interpreters stood, with long lists before them, bearing the names of the people in the lines, and official data concerning them, as to age, condition, and wealth.

Nearly all of the young men among the Scandinavians had money enough to make a start in life with, besides through tickets to their points of destination.

They displayed their dollars with childlike confidence, as if sure they were in the hands of friends. Most of the money was in United States bills or gold. Here and there was an immigrant who had not changed his money into the coin of the country. These were given an opportunity to do so before leaving the dock.

Number of immigrants in 1800, 5,000; number in 1899, 311,715. Total number of immigrants during the century, 18,500,000. — *Boston Globe, March 21.*

OF the 124 cities of 1890, only thirty-four existed as villages in 1800. Five began in 1810, thirteen in 1820, seven in 1830, fifteen in 1840, twenty-four in 1850, seventeen in 1860, and six in 1870.

Of the cities having over 100,000 population, only thirteen had a post-office in 1800. — *Exchange.*

Immigration Census.

THE following table, compiled from the Federal census of 1890, shows the proportion of Americans and foreigners in New York City in that year:

Foreign born, 42 per cent.; persons, natives, whose parents, one or both, were born abroad, 38 per cent.; persons, natives, whose parents were both born in America, 19 per cent.; foreign born and Americans of foreign ancestry, 80 per cent.; Americans of the second generation, 19 per cent. The following nationalities are found in New York:

English	Hungarians	Italians
Welsh	Bohemians	Swiss
Canadians	Rumanians	Fins
Irish	Armenians	North Africans
Scottish	Greeks	Cubans
French	Arabians	South Americans
Corcians	Damascenes	Central Americans
German	Egyptians	Mexicans
Poles	Belgians	Pacific Islanders
Russians	Portuguese	Chinese
Scandinavians	Spaniards	Japanese
Hindus	Turks	Etc.

The foreigners have not entered New York in small numbers, scattering through the city and partaking of our customs and life until their identity as aliens has become obliterated. On the contrary, they have come by the thousands. They have massed together, occupying great sections of the city, nationality by nationality, until the terms, "Jewish Colony," "Italian Colony," "Chinese Colony," are familiar words. They have not adopted American customs and ideas, but instead they have preserved their own speech and teach it to their children, reproducing as far as possible their life in the fatherland. Except upon the part of the children who enter our public schools, and so imbibe something of the American spirit, there is little movement toward Americanization. To make as much money as possible, and live according to their own idea of comfort, perpetuating their own tongue and religion, seems to be the aim of their life.—*Missionary Review*.

A 'Ten Years' War.

IT is ten years since Jacob A. Riis wrote his book on "How the Other Half Lives." Now he is ready with another book, which reviews the results obtained during this past period, and the lessons which they suggest for future battles with the slums. A long-cherished project of Mr. Riis has just been brought to a successful close,—a Tenement-house Exhibition on Fifth Avenue, in New York, designed to furnish an object-lesson to "the First Half" of how "the Other Half" lives. His book, therefore, appears at this time with special significance. He explains the genesis of the slum in the following fashion:

"In a race there are usually some, who, for one cause or another, cannot keep up, or are thrust out from among their fellows. They fall behind, and when they have been left far in the rear they lose hope and ambition, and give up. Thenceforward, if left to their own resources, they are the victims, not the masters of their environment; and it is a bad master. They drag one another always farther down: The bad environment becomes the heredity of the

next generation. Then, given the crowd, you have the slum ready-made."

Mr. Riis considers the stretch which reform has covered in the past ten years a long one. Among the hopeful signs of the present he cites the tearing down of unsanitary tenements, the building of schools, the relatively clean condition of the streets, the making of public parks, playgrounds, and play-piers, the people's clubs, and the destruction of the police-station lodging-rooms, which were always foul dens:

"Twenty-nine years have passed since I slept in a police-station lodging-house, a lonely lad, and was robbed, beaten, and thrown out for protesting; and when the vagrant cur that had joined its homelessness to mine, and had sat all night at the door waiting for me to come out,—it had been clubbed away the night before,—snarled and showed its teeth at the doorman, raging and impotent I saw it beaten to death on the steps."

Police-commissioner, now Governor Roosevelt, abolished the police-station lodging-houses. The worst of the tenements have been bought up and torn down. "Bottle Alley" and "Bandits' Roost," "Bone Alley," "Thieves' Alley," and "Kerosene Row" all are gone; "Hell's Kitchen" and "Poverty Gap" have acquired the appearance of decency. But in spite of such improvements, Mr. Riis is obliged to record that only the outworks of the slum have been taken. More tenements are being built every day on twenty-five foot lots. The common type is the double-decker, and the double-decker is hopeless. He says:

"In 1880 the average number of persons to each dwelling in New York was 16.37; in 1890 it was 18.52. In 1895, according to the police census, 21.2. The census of 1900 will show the crowding to have gone on at an equal if not at a greater rate."

With all his delight in the reforms which have already been accomplished, and with all his trust in human nature, Mr. Riis is not unmindful of the present dangers of New York. He does not mince matters in describing the rule of Tammany, as it has returned to the city, since the overthrow of the administration of Mayor Strong. He writes: "The Health Department is wrecked. The police force is worse than before Roosevelt took hold of it, and we are back in the mud out of which we pulled ourselves with such an effort." In conclusion he appeals to the reforming power of human sympathy, to the humane touch. "When we have learned to smile and weep with the poor," he says, "we shall have mastered our problem. Then the slum will have lost its grip; and the boss his job. . . . Until then, while they are in possession, our business is to hold taut and take in slack right along; never letting go for a moment."—*Literary Digest*.

ONE of the hardest things for a missionary is to see the children, whom she has learned to love, go back to their homes of ignorance and vice, not knowing whether the little light which has been kindled in their souls will continue to burn or be choked out with the many temptations which are sure to come to them."

The Evans Polygamy Bill

FEW people know about the Evans Polygamy Bill. Fewer yet understand its subtle purpose. We have only sympathy and pity for the deluded people of Utah. It is in their behalf that we have undertaken to expose the desperate purpose of the Mormon Hierarchy in its attempts to perpetuate polygamy, thus debasing womanhood, and defying the conscience and laws of the American people.



The Voice of Evans, but the HAND of the MORMON CHURCH

Question. What is the Evans Polygamy Bill?

Answer. It is a bill introduced in the Utah Legislature, March 11, 1901, by the Mormon Senator Evans.

Question. What was the real purpose of this bill?

Answer. The real purpose of the bill was to protect, encourage and perpetuate polygamy.

Question. Who was the author of the bill?

Answer. The author of this iniquitous bill was the Mormon Church Hierarchy.

Question. Why did the Mormon Church Hierarchy prepare and introduce a bill designed to protect polygamy, when the Mormons solemnly declare that polygamy is dead?

Answer. Because polygamy is not dead. It is still practised, believed in, and defended by the Mormon Church leaders.

Question. Why did the Mormon Church leaders have the Evans Bill introduced at this time?

Answer. Because their recent alleged temporary alliance with some of the leaders of one of the great political parties led them to feel that they had nothing further to fear from any Congressional action.

Question. What would have been the effect of the Evans Bill had it become a law?

Answer. The effect of this bill, had it become a law, would have been to have made it practically impossible to arrest and punish polygamists in Utah.

Question. Was the Evans Bill passed by the Legislature of Utah?

Answer. It was passed by a large majority.

Question. Was the bill signed by the Governor of Utah?

Answer. No.

Question. Why was it not signed by the Governor of Utah?

Answer. Because the Governor of Utah is long-headed, and saw that the result of this bill, if it became a law, would be to arouse the whole nation, thus causing Congress to pass the Anti-Polygamy Bill.

Question. Should Congress now pass the Anti-Polygamy Bill?

Answer. Yes. As soon as possible, and then, with its ratification by the States, polygamy in the United States will be killed forever.

Wife Burning in India.

SOME years ago the English Government made a law which put a stop to the custom in India of burning widows alive with the bodies of their dead husbands. The native priests, however, vigorously opposed this law, on the ground that burning widows alive was a part of their religion.

Polygamy in America.

Sentiment and law in America is against polygamy. The Mormon priests, however, protest against this law, because, as they affirm, polygamy is a part of their religion.

The Difference.

In India the heathen now obey the law against wife burning. In America the Mormon priests defy the law against polygamy, and still practise it and defend it.

FROM *New York Independent*: "We give no great thanks to the Governor of Utah for vetoing the Evans Polygamy Bill, that had passed both houses of the Legislature, whose object it was to make polygamy safe. The Governor confessed himself a product of the polygamy institution, and in sympathy with the purpose of the bill to protect polygamists, but he declared that it would anger the people of the United States, and would be likely to lead to an amendment of the Constitution making polygamy illegal everywhere. The purpose of his veto was to maintain, and not to suppress polygamy. What the Governor looks forward to is a weakening of the public sentiment, so that by and by the Latter Day Saints can marry with all multiplicity desired."

From Indian Territory.

WAS born near St. Louis, Mo., on Feb. 8, 1873, and my earlier life was spent in that State and in Kansas. My preparatory education was obtained in the schools of the latter State.

My mother died when I was seven years old, and I fell to the care of an older sister, who has always taken the place of a mother to me; and to whom I am indebted for my earlier training. Not long after the death of the mother, however, the home was broken up, and I was placed in a Catholic convent, as that was considered to be the best place for a child so young. There some inducements were held out to me to unite with the Catholic church, but I felt that theirs was an empty religion, and there was nothing in it that appealed to me.

When about ten years of age I took up my regular



MISS MINNIE PRATT.

academic work in the schools outside. My vacations were spent with my grandmother on a farm, where I learned much of the secrets of earth and sky from Nature's open book. I aspired to climb the highest tree and hay-stack, to get the eggs from the farthest nest in the barn-loft, to cross the deepest stream on the longest foot-log, to pluck the flowers that were rarest and hardest to get; I followed my brother, who was my sole companion, into the most dangerous places, and to me the overcoming of these natural obstacles was as the taking of a city or the conquering of a nation.

At fourteen, I came to Indian Territory to visit my sister, who had then married, and it was thought best for me to enter school here, so as to be near her. I accordingly entered the freshman class at Indian University, but my father was opposed to my graduation from an Indian school and refused to help me after I had completed my sopho-

more year. As he could not at that time afford to give me a college education, it was the plan for me to take simply enough of English to fit me for a business course, so that when I entered Indian University, it was the height of my ambition to become my father's book-keeper.

The Christian influence of the school which was exerted, more especially by President Bacone and his faculty, had a very salutary effect upon my life. I accepted Christ during my sophomore year, and in six months after my conversion, united with the First Baptist church of Muskogee, I. T. I was not only inspired to a higher life and a nobler work by the loyalty and devotion to the cause of Christian education exhibited by the workers here, but as they had inspired me by their zeal, enlightened me by their knowledge, guided me by their precepts, sustained me by their example, corrected me when in error, cheered me when discouraged, and comforted me by their sympathies, so I determined to make it the object of my life to stimulate, cheer, comfort, and help those about me, and now my highest ambition was not simply to prepare myself to enter the business world successfully, but to enter upon that larger and truer service that reaches out and blesses all humanity; and as my lot had been cast among the Indians of Indian Territory, I had become particularly interested in them as a people, not only because they were most needy of help of this kind, but because I had learned to admire the Indian nature, and their cause appealed to me as a most worthy one.

President Bacone told me that if I desired to remain until I graduated, he would give me the privilege of doing so, and that I could pay my expenses when I was able to earn money. I gladly accepted his kind offer.

During my senior year I received an invitation to accept a position as teacher at Emahaka school, one of the largest nation schools among the Creek Indians, also a call to the work on the mission field among the Blanket Indians of Oklahoma came to me, and a third opening was a position as teacher in Indian University, from which I graduated in 1890. It was the design of President Bacone that this place should be occupied by one of the three members of my class, all of whom desired to enter mission work. Miss Lillie Johnson was sent to the wild tribes in Oklahoma, Miss Mary Cain took up work among the colored people of the Territory, and I was retained here, where I have been employed as teacher for the past nine years.

My vacations have been spent in attending summer sessions in the Northern schools. In this way I received my business course, and did special work in elocution. During the last three years my work has been along these particular lines in this school. A part of my time is devoted to teaching, and the remainder to the general office work.

Not only do I love Indian University as a Christian home, and because of its sacred associations, as the place where the highest ideals have been held up before me, and where I have learned to obey the promptings of the Spirit, but because I have here experienced the joy of seeing, in a large number of others who have been under our care, the beginning of a new life and of a new hope.

Bacone, Indian Territory.

MINNIE PRATT.

Mather School.

MANY are the joys that have come to us as we have seen a change for the better in our pupils, and learn that the Bible lessons are repeated in the homes and that there has been an effort to put some, at least, into practice.

Fights are common occurrences among the grown people as well as the children. A woman, an officer in a Sunday school, was severely wounded with a knife by another woman, who was also a professing Christian. In the woods or on the roads, large boys seem to delight in abusing smaller boys and girls, so that many of the children are really afraid to venture far from their homes alone. In my room we have studied the last twelve verses of the twelfth chapter of Romans, and I called special attention to the seventeenth and nineteenth verses. The children seemed to feel that there was more satisfaction in "paying back," themselves, than waiting for God to take His time, and I feared that they would not follow the spirit of the verses.

One day, the mother of two of my little ones told me the following incident. Her husband worked at the mine, about a mile from their home. Having overslept one morning, she was unable to prepare his dinner for him to carry with him. When she had prepared the dinner, there was no one to take it, and, being sick herself, she was unable to go. Rosetta, her little eight-year-old daughter, realizing her mother's difficulty, offered to go. Her mother knew she was afraid of the boys she would probably meet, and asked her what she would do if that big boy who had so often threatened her should meet her.

"Just let him hit me," she replied.

"But he might kill you," her mother exclaimed.

"Then I'd just lay down and die. God would pay him back when He got ready; Miss Harvey said so!"

I thanked God that we were not sowing seed in vain, and wondered if others were learning the same lesson. Our loving Father kept Rosetta from harm, not even allowing her to meet the boy she so greatly dreaded.

About a week later, Occavius came to school one morning with several scratches on his face, evidently the result of some child's nails. I felt grieved, for, though he was a "real fighter" when he first came to school, and his aunt, the wounded woman I have mentioned, had said to me, "I instruct dat boy to fights all who picks on he," I had hoped he was trying to follow the teaching he received at school.

"Occavius," I said, "where did you get those scratches?"

"Jacob picked on me last night because I wouldn't give him my stick. I didn't touch him. I didn't do nothing to him," he replied.

"Why did you not hit back?" I asked.

He was silent a few seconds. A puzzled look came over his face, as if he could scarcely understand my question. Then, lifting his eyes to mine, he exclaimed:

"Miss Harvey, didn't you say God doesn't want us to fight, but to let Him pay back? I'm going to leave him to God."

Will not the kind friends pray that God will help these children always to do what He wishes?

-Beaufort, S. C.

CONSTANCE R. HARVEY.

Santiago de Cuba.

I OPENED school February 18th, and had forty-three the first day, and now have fifty-nine, and am very busy I assure you, for nothing but a mixed school, although more young ladies than you will find almost anywhere else outside of the academy, as it is not the custom to go out of the house to school after they get twelve or fourteen years old.

Then I am also teaching in the "Academia," their first school in the city, the highest of any outside of Havana. I go there an hour every day, from one to two, and have a class of nine children in kindergarten.

Some are nice children. I told the gentleman who came to interview me that I was not master of kindergarten, neither of English; but he seemed to think my English was sufficient, so I am there.

I sent to Boston and ordered all the things, and am enjoying it more and more each day. My Sunday work keeps up as usual. I gave up one Sunday school, but now have another, so I am out all day long on Sunday, at the church at 8.30, and then after the Sunday school the Junior C. E., which so far I have had almost the entire charge of. At one I go to one Sunday school, and at three from there to another, and then at night, and on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights, and at the Teachers' Meeting on Wednesday night.

We have been so careful of the *color line*, and really it is more provoking than anything I have met with; it is worse than the South, for they are so mixed up, and it makes it hard.

So far the proportion is all right, the majority is all right, and so we hope to keep it.

I am struggling hard with the *order*, and expect to continue, as one cannot expect to change things in a few weeks; but some days I see a little improvement; and also some are beginning to use *Señorita*, instead of *Señor* or *Señora*.

They are not nearly so polite as in Mexico, and they usually call every one by their first name. I have said my name is S'rita Gowen, and nothing more for them.

ELMA GRACE GOWEN.

WHY do we worry about the nest?

We only stay for a day.

Or a month, or a year, at the Lord's behest,

In this habitat of clay.

Why do we worry about the road,

With its hill or deep ravine?

In a dismal path or a heavy load

We are helped by hands unseen.

Why do we worry about the years

That our feet have not yet trod?

Who labors with courage and trust, nor fears,

Has fellowship with God.

The best will come in the great "To be;"

It is ours to serve and wait;

And the wonderful future we soon shall see.

For death is but the gate.

—Sarah A. Bolton.

An Incident of All Souls' Day.



"TO-MORROW my mother's spirit will be set free?
Oh, tell me it will be so!"

These were the pleading words that came from the lips of an anxious-faced young girl, who had grown old in sorrow, while yet young in years.

The heart of the priest, to whom she spoke, was full of sympathetic pity. "Our Protestant priest," his fellow priests called him, because, true to his convictions, he dared to tell those who confessed their sins to him, that of himself he could not forgive sins, but that he would pray to God for them. Surely he was one of whom it could be said: "He is good not because of his religion, but in spite of it."

His eyes were full of a kindly light as he gently said: "My child, I cannot tell; let us hope so. Come to-morrow at the appointed hour, and you shall know the truth."

Three years had this child been motherless, and during that time had been at once mother and sister to two helpless children younger than herself. One day in every month she had faithfully taken from her hard-earned living one dollar to pay the priests to "pray her mother's soul out of purgatory;" and now she had again reached the eve of "All Souls' Day," and with her young heart full of trust in the Church and hope in its promises, she hails the coming of that day with unspeakable gladness. The day dawned bright and beautiful over her lowly Mexican home, and with a heart responsive to the brightness about her, she reaches the cathedral long before the appointed hour; where upon her knees she waits, with a throng of others, who had come on a similar mission, the announcement of the name of the liberated soul.

At the appointed hour the priests entered the cathedral with their usual pomp. One held in his hand slips of paper upon which were written the names of the dead for whom the prayers of the Church had been purchased. The slips were dropped into a box held by another priest, who shook them well together, when a third priest lifted a little child of about three years of age, who put its hand into the box and drew out the name of the soul whom that day the Church would declare free from purgatory. The little unknown girl, kneeling far back in the corner, held her breath to catch the name which the priest read aloud that all might hear. It was not the name of the one she loved, and with a moan, heard only by God, she covered her face with her hands as her body swayed a moment, and then fell to the floor.

One by one the friends of the dead arose from their knees, and went their sorrowful way. When nearly all had gone, the priests passed out, and in doing so caught sight of the motionless form in the corner. "A beggar," said one, "A drunken woman," said another; but it was the "Protestant priest" who lifted the little form in his arms, and told his companions that she was dead. Not one of these men whom she had revered, recognized her as one who had so faithfully paid for prayers for her mother's soul. In the midst of those she had loved and trusted, alone she had toiled, and unknown to them she had died, and unknown

she was buried. Yet no one cared for her soul. A sad story? Yes, but only one of many that come to the knowledge of missionaries in Catholic countries. — *Kind Words.*

Prayer for the President.

EVERY one acknowledges the duty and the importance of praying for rulers. The reelection of President McKinley for a term of four years, to what has come to be acknowledged to be one of the highest positions in the world, adds present emphasis to this Christian duty. In view of the many problems — difficult and complicated and far-reaching — that confront the President, and demand practical solution, his noble and appealing words, uttered the day after his reelection, at Salem, Ohio, on his way back from Canton to Washington, ought to touch and move many hearts to prayer for him as the nation's ruler: "I go back to my public duties at the capitol encouraged by your confidence, but deeply conscious of the grave responsibilities which your action of yesterday imposes upon me. I can only ask of all my countrymen their sympathy and support in the solution of the great problems that rest upon the United States; and I am sure that all of us will humbly petition the guidance of that divine Ruler who has never failed this government through all its vicissitudes from the beginning to the present hour."

The Negro.

The following poem was suggested by seeing the picture on the title-page of *MARCH ECHOES*.

WHOSE is that turbaned woolly shock,
So wiry, gray, and crinkled?
Whose is that homely, dusky face,
So old, and thin, and wrinkled?

Who hides within those faded clothes,
So thin, and worn, and scanty?
Who is it moves about all day
Within that shaky shanty?

A mother 'tis, through whose tired heart
Bright human blood is flowing;
A woman free, whose ransomed soul
Is soon to glory going.

Her children, born in freedom's light,
Are noble sons and daughters;
Who, thirsting for the streams of truth,
Have fount the Living Waters.

Within their kindled intellects
A brilliant flame is burning;
And fast the way to loftiest heights
These fervent souls are learning.

The looked-for time has come at last,
When negro forms and features
Are found among the foremost ranks
Of learned men and teachers.

The time is coming, — haste the day, —
When Africa's ransomed races
Shall hold, among the sons of God,
The highest, holiest places.

Chester, VI., March 20, 1901.

HENRY CROCKER.



American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Notes.

THE American Baptist Home Mission Society rejoices in the good favor of God which enables it to report the obligations of the year fully met, and no debt. It is impossible in this number to give a statement of receipts and expenditures. There has been a gratifying increase in offerings from the churches, but these alone would have been inadequate. The receipt of \$68,000 from the Daniel S. Ford estate of Boston was most timely relief during the last month of the fiscal year.

Have you made your will, and in it have you remembered the American Baptist Home Mission Society?

In the list of speakers at the annual meeting of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, at Springfield, May 23d and 24th, are the names of E. M. Thresher, Esq., of Ohio; L. C. Barnes, D. D., of Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. Wallace Buttrick, D. D., of Albany, N. Y.; Rev. William M. Lawrence, D. D., of Chicago, Ill.; Rev. W. H. Sloan, of Mexico; E. B. Palmer, D. D., of Pennsylvania; Prof. J. E. Jones, of Richmond, Va.; Rev. J. N. Williams, Rev. L. O. Cote, Rev. M. J. A. Coutlee, Rev. P. N. Cayer, and Rev. A. St. James, of New England, representing the French work. Friday forenoon will be a Field Day, open to all who have a word to say, and who can be heard on "Home Missions in the Twentieth Century." The meetings begin Thursday night and close Friday night.

An Honor.—President Guernsey, of Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tenn., states that the University received at the Paris Exposition the award of a bronze medal for its exhibit. The only drawback to this is that it will cost \$10 to secure the medal.

A Splendid Record.—The aggregate enrolment of Spelman Seminary from 1881-1891 has been 11,585, of whom 5,244 were boarders only and 6,341 day scholars only. The whole number of different pupils, as nearly as ascertainable, has been 5,574. Seventy-nine per cent. of the students came from Baptist families. What a mighty influence for good has been and will continue to be exerted by these 5,574 students, many of whom were converted in

the institution; all of whom were spiritually as well as intellectually quickened therein.

Race versus Grace.—Rev. C. S. Brown, D. D., of Wintop, N. C., has an excellent article in the *Baptist Standard* of April 4th. He says: "To defend raceism in the Church means that race is stronger than grace and should be recognized as a factor in the Christian life. We protest against putting anything above grace. We believe in the power of the gospel to annihilate sin, to destroy confusion, and to establish universal peace. . . . A preacher cannot afford to be a race man, let his color be white or black. To represent the Lord, his heart must be broader than race, and his sympathy must touch suffering humanity the world over." True.

The "Full-blood" Indians.—Rev. Daniel Bird, of Tahlequah, writing to Dr. Murrow pleading for more work among the "full-blood" Indians, says: "A large majority of the full-blood Indians in this Indian Territory do not understand the Anglo-Saxon language. A great mistake has been made by some, by saying that Indians understand the English language, and are well prepared to become citizens of the United States. This is not the case. If a white missionary or preacher was to deliver a sermon in the full-blood settlements or community, unless it was interpreted, his sermon would become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. All the services, singing, praying, preaching, and reading Scriptures in the Sunday schools, are conducted in Indian language where the full-bloods are. I pray that men be employed as missionaries to the Indians whom they can look upon as their fathers for advice."

Rev. Charles Ayer entered into rest at Clinton, N. Y., March 28th, aged seventy-five years. He was born in Charlestown, Mass., studied at Amherst College and Madison University and at Newton Theological Institution. After several pastorates, in 1877 he was appointed by the Home Mission Society president of Natchez College, Mississippi, continuing in this position after the removal of the school to Jackson, where he labored until 1894. He was a man of the highest integrity, of untiring application to his work, and deeply interested in the uplifting of the colored people, to whom so many of the best years of his life were unstintingly given.

Fruitage in American Churches of our French Missions.

REV. J. N. WILLIAMS, Superintendent of our French Work in New England, says: "Some efforts have been made recently to form a more correct idea of the number of French, who, in New England and other parts of the country, have become identified with our Baptist churches as members. Nothing like a thorough canvass of this matter has been made (for this would require exact knowledge of the membership of all our Baptist churches), except in regard to Vermont, where inquiries were made of all the Baptist pastors by "reply" postal cards. Forty-six of those addressed were kind enough to answer. Twenty-five of the Vermont Baptist churches have French members enrolled.

Where missionary work has formerly been done, quite a number are reported: in one forty; in another fifteen; in another, nine, etc. In one Vermont church, those of French nationality constitute a clear majority of the total membership; fifty-four in a membership of ninety-one.

That direct missionary work is effective in adding to the membership of our Baptist churches is strikingly apparent from this census of French members in Vermont, where no missionary work is done at present. For from actual count, the number of French baptized believers in one of our fields in Massachusetts, — Worcester, for example, — where our Society has maintained French mission work, is equal to the whole reported membership of that nationality in all the Baptist churches of the State of Vermont. The Baptist church of Waterville, Me., another of our mission fields, has a French membership of 109. Our ideal of French mission work is to make these various mission interests feeders to our American Baptist churches, Christianizing and Americanizing this people, and, like the "underground railroad" of slavery days, passing them along from slavery in Rome, to gospel liberty in our evangelical churches.

This policy, which is not a policy so much as it is the natural operation of the law of "the survival of the fittest," whether we organize French churches or not, is a constant drain upon our missions, as we gradually lose our converts, who are drawn into our better equipped American churches, but is the best for all concerned. For where mission work is abandoned, as in Vermont, French converts have still a home in the local church. Where it is continued, as in the other States, they enjoy all the advantages of church life in our French missions, and, at the same time, have the benefit of the control and discipline of the experienced and well-manned local American church into which, in time, their children, thoroughly Americanized as they inevitably become under Protestant influence, will grow up to strengthen and increase our common evangelical Protestant Christianity. Our estimate of the number of French converts in our Baptist churches, verified more exactly in the case of Vermont, is three thousand five hundred and fifty (3,550)."

Booker T. Washington.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, who has already accomplished so much for himself and his race, and who has still a limitless field of usefulness before him, was for one year a student in Wayland Seminary, at Washington, one of our best Home Mission schools. Mr. Washington recently visited Wayland College, in its new location at Richmond, Va., and made a very acceptable address, in the course of which he said: "I vividly recall the time when I was at Wayland, and the valuable instruction I received there under Dr. King. I learned much about the Bible, and to love it. If I have, any power to express my thoughts in speech or writing, it is due to the training I received from Dr. King, especially in Bible study."

Mormon Missions in Michigan.

THE *Deseret Evening News*, of Utah, in its issue of March 9th, contains a statement about the work of Mormon missionaries in Michigan and their plans for the coming year. There are twenty-one "elders" at work in the State, the chief cities receiving special attention. Plans for more energetic work at certain points have been made. Doubtless, a similar campaign is planned for other States. This indicates the tremendous vitality of this system — shall we call it infernal vitality?

If a few hundred thousand Mormons in Utah can send twenty-one missionaries to Michigan; should not the nine hundred thousand Baptists of the North and West answer by sending twenty-one missionaries to Utah?

Utah's Polygamy Bill.

THE bill framed to establish polygamy practically against the operation of law for its prevention in Utah is the natural outcome of the latest political condition in the State. There was an arrangement made before the late presidential election under which the Mormon Church was encouraged to take control of Utah politics. When engaged in this undertaking, its power was found to be irresistible. It carried the State in all its departments at the election last fall, accomplishing a political revolution in order to do so. Utah is now more openly a Mormon State in the regulation of its affairs than it has been at any time since it came into the Union, and this legislation seems to indicate that it feels it safe at last to be defiantly so. This is probably more than those who entered into the treaty with the Mormon Church bargained for, but they have put that Church into a position which may lead it to make to them the celebrated inquiry of Tweed on another occasion: "What are you going to do about it?" The Church seems to have kept within the letter of the constitutional law in its legislation, if it has conspicuously violated the spirit of this in making it practicable to continue polygamy in the State."

THE passionate fervor of the negro, the silent persistence of the Indian, the patient purpose of the Chinaman, are as important to the greatness of this nation as the conscious imperialism of the white man."

A Great Field for Colored Physicians.



GREAT field of opportunity and of usefulness for colored physicians is found in the nearly ten million colored people of this country. As an opportunity for achievement in one of the most honorable professions, here is a field unsurpassed. As an opportunity for obtaining a livelihood, it is among the best. As an opportunity for usefulness, it is most inviting.

In Raleigh the white and the colored population are almost equal.

This great mortality is due partly to ignorance of the laws of health; partly to lack of proper medical care. In many localities, white physicians respond to calls from the colored people as they do from the whites, and much charitable service is thus rendered. In many cases, however, the poorer colored people do not receive the same attention as their white neighbors, who are more able to pay physicians' fees. Indeed, the inability of the masses of the colored people to pay such bills without great



MEDICAL FACULTY OF SHAW UNIVERSITY, RALEIGH, N. C.

The death rate among the colored people of the South is far in excess of that among the whites. Thus the reports of the Board of Health for Raleigh, N. C., which are prepared with great care, give the following figures:

In 1896 the mortality of the whites was 17.29 to 1,000 of the population; of the colored people, 21.46. In 1897, whites, 16.80 to 1,000 of the population; colored, 29.16.

Infant mortality among the colored people is disproportionately large. In 1896, out of 122 deaths of children under five years of age, 49 were white, and 73 were colored. In 1897; out of 113, under five years, 32 were white, and 81 were colored.

difficulty, deters many of them from calling a physician. Physicians of their own race, therefore, have here a special field of service. They may be somewhat more moderate in their charges than white physicians, with a large and taxing clientage. They can adapt themselves better than white physicians to the characteristics and conditions of the colored people. As a matter of fact, colored physicians, of whom there are now several hundred in the South, are doing well in their profession, and are proving a blessing to their people. The number needs to be multiplied twenty-fold.

To help supply this need, the Leonard Medical School of

Home Mission Echoes

Shaw University, at Raleigh, N. C., was established in 1886. It is a medical school of a high order. The course of study extends over four years. The faculty is composed of the leading white physicians of Raleigh, some of whom stand high in their profession, not only in that city and in the State of North Carolina, but have held honorable positions in national medical and pharmaceutical associations. A school of pharmacy is connected with the institution. There is also a hospital, operating-rooms, etc. On a recent visit to the school we witnessed eminent members of the faculty, surrounded by students, engaged in a difficult sur-

estimation of the leading white citizens of the State, the school is accomplishing an excellent work. The entire enrolment is over eighty. The total enrolment in the university, in all departments, is 460.

The great need of the school is: (1) Scholarships for the aid of worthy but poor young men who find it almost impossible to pursue a four years' course of study without assistance. A scholarship can be established for \$1,000. (2) An endowment of, at least, \$100,000 for the school itself. A single professorship can be established for \$2,000. (3) A good hospital building in place of the po-



GRADUATING CLASS OF SHAW UNIVERSITY, RALEIGH, N. C.

gical operation. The quality of the instruction is shown by the fact that the students generally pass satisfactorily the medical examining boards of the States where they enter upon their profession, some of them having achieved distinction in this respect.

At the recent medical commencement, March 16th, there were eighteen graduates in medicine, and two in pharmacy. The annual address was given by Prof. Shailer Mathews, of the University of Chicago. The Governor of North Carolina, Hon. Chas. B. Aycock, attended the exercises, and delivered the diplomas to the graduating class. Other eminent officials were also present. This shows that in the

frame structure now used for this purpose. Here is an opportunity for philanthropists to make an investment that will greatly benefit an unfortunate but a rising race.

Spelman Revisited.

A DAY spent recently at Spelman Seminary in Atlanta was a delight. For many years I have cherished the remembrance of a visit to this school, and I was glad of a chance to go back. Years have only made plainer the need of instruction for the negro, and increased the number to be taught.

What of the schools? Have these done any good in the

past? Do scholars still knock at their doors? Have the teachers lost heart? Have their friends become discouraged? Queries such as these must come to every one who reads the conflicting reports as to the race, and who longs to know the probable future in store.

As you enter the Seminary grounds, a glance tells that somebody believes in Spelman as it was and as it is to be. Large additions of land have been made, suburban streets re-located so as to leave the enclosure free and private, extensive grading is under way, a substantial iron fence erected, a large number of buildings added, the old barracks removed, or now removing, and the whole plant is assuming large, dignified, and striking proportions. This is practical proof that the work already done has commended itself, and that better facilities give expectation of better and greater work in the future. The testimony of teachers, of graduates, and of many of the Southern whites as to the good done in the past is positive and encouraging. Better lives have been lived by those who have studied here, and whose characters have been moulded and strengthened by worthy teaching and noble example.

The instruction is plainly such as to be of real value to the scholars. The studies are such as experience has proved to be best adapted to Spelman students, and it is safe to leave the curriculum largely to such wise and discreet teachers.

One realizes at such a school the supreme importance of the teacher. To impart knowledge and to teach how to attain it is of great importance; to mould human lives and to develop character is vastly greater. And a visitor here realizes that the constant aim is to do both, and that the relative importance of the two is ever in mind.

What I have said of Spelman I judge to be true of all our schools as a rule. I believe this through acquaintance with many of those in charge, and I doubt not that it is true as a rule. A nobler, more devoted company of men and women than are thus giving their lives to the lifting up of this despised race cannot be found. For the race is despised. A most unreasonable expectation seems to exist, that the negroes should ere this have risen to a full equality in character and attainment with the whites. A strange idea seems to prevail that the act of emancipation would remove all trace of slavery and its degradation. Nothing could be more unreasonable.

Excellent schools have been established, but what a mere handful of the race has been reached! Every one of these schools, even the most favored, has a struggle for existence, and the most of them have very meagre facilities with which to carry on their arduous work. The need to-day is for an enlarged equipment, adequate to its special demand, for every school that has proved worthy in the past and where wisely located, and for patience. The good done gives promise of vastly greater good in days to come. Already a goodly force of fairly well equipped colored teachers are busy teaching others, and the only possible hope of reaching great numbers of the blacks is by men and women of their own race, — themselves to be instructed, — who, inspired themselves by a noble call, shall become an inspiration to multitudes of others. Were the task merely a human one we might well despair. But the task is God's, and the end is sure.

Pittsburg, Pa.

H. K. PORTER.

Roman Catholic Zeal for the Negroes.



RECENTLY, in Savannah, Bishop Kelley, of the Roman Catholic Church, in a discourse declared that "two non-Catholic bodies have practically monopolized the field of church work among the negroes, but that they are no better religiously or morally than they were a quarter of a century ago." He then proceeds to say: "I have no hesitation in making the assertion that to the Catholic Church must the negro look for amelioration of his spiritual condition."

These statements have been widely telegraphed over the country, and published in the daily papers with striking headlines to attract attention. What shall we say to these things?

To the first assertion we reply that it is grossly untrue. Religiously and morally the 1,800,000 members of negro Baptist churches in the United States are immeasurably above what they were twenty-five years ago. Then they were in the first stages of development as a people; now they are well organized in churches and Sunday schools, in State conventions, and general missionary organizations. Then few could read; now fully two-thirds can read. Then a minister who could read was an exception, now the exception is one who cannot. Then the minister who raved and ranted was the favorite; now the leading churches everywhere want intelligent preachers. Then there were almost no competent Sunday school teachers; now there are thousands of them. The standards of Christian character have been raised; home life, social life, church life, have been improved; missionary zeal has been evoked; champions of moral reforms are many; standards of admission to ordination have been raised, and where once was chaos and confusion, now things are done decently and in order.

In some localities, and to some extent everywhere, there are many who have made but little progress. Their temporal condition has been a clog upon their advancement. Among them are the depraved, as among the whites, but there is an army of valiant men and women contending for truth and righteousness, and for everything that goes to make up noble, Christian character. The uplifting process is going on, and our Christian schools for the negroes are mighty factors in it. The bishop probably never saw the inside of one of these schools, neither has he any conception of their far-reaching influence through the thousands who annually go forth from them as lighted torches among their people. The wonderful spiritual quickening that multitudes of these bright young men and women have experienced, has had, is having, and will continue to have its influence over hundreds of thousands of others.

It will be time for the Roman Catholic Church to set itself up as the conservator and promoter of spirituality and morality among the negroes, when it can show that it has been such among other peoples where it has had full sway. What did its own Father Sherman say concerning Porto Rico, where Romanism reigned about three hundred years?

(Concluded on page 18.)



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY
ANNA SARGENT HUNT

A Band of Willing Workers.

HAPPY the group of girls which has such a friend as the president of the Woman's Baptist Mission Circle, of Essex, Conn. Her home was, on the evening of March 28th, thrown open to as many as would come, and an entertainment was given by the "Willing Workers." Music, recitations, word puzzles, etc., put the audience in such good humor that the passing of the basket for a free-will offering seemed the most natural thing in the world. As a result, the treasurer was enabled to send the sum of nine dollars and twenty-five cents to our Society. As the dear girls rejoice in the work they are doing to publish the good news of salvation, may they each realize the great love of Him who gave His life that He might save them from their sins, and with them those "of all nations and kindreds, and people and tongues."

How one Farther Lights Society Spent a Summer Vacation.

THE Carey Farther Lights, of the Baptist church, Wakefield, Mass., found a unique way of spending their vacation last summer. As in many societies, the meetings are discontinued during July and August, and in order that the girls might not lose their interest in their heathen sisters during that time, at the May meeting the president gave out dimes to several of the members, to invest and increase during the summer. Twenty-four dimes, or two dollars and forty cents were taken, and some who did not take any found ways of earning without investing.

Speedily the girls became very enthusiastic over their work. Two members, who were artistic, painted dainty sachets, book-marks, and Christmas cards, which found a ready market. Another, of a more practical turn of mind, took orders and supplied her friends with cake, while several manufactured candy. Dainty hoods for dollies, and larger ones for grown people were made from pretty worsted by one deft with the crochet hook, and another made fancy articles for a friend who wished them for a fair, but had not time to make them. One earned money by ironing her own shirt-waists, and those of her mother and sister, and doing other household duties, while still another turned apple woman and sold apples to the girls at her place of business. Some took kodak pictures, others gave entertainments, charging an admission fee, and some did typewriting; and

so, in one way and another, the work went on, and talents, hitherto hidden or unrecognized, were brought into service. But whatever plan was adopted, all were careful to make their prices reasonable, and to give their friends the full value of their money.

At the close of the summer, the members were requested to write an account of their experiences in the business world. These were arranged in the form of a paper, which was read at the first meeting of the society in September, when the money was brought in. The meeting was very interesting, and when the different amounts — ranging from fifty-five cents to fifteen dollars — were added, and seventy-nine dollars and eighty-six cents was announced as the result of the summer's work, the excitement was intense, and the girls broke over the usual bounds of propriety, and gave vent to their feelings in applause.

It was wonderful to see how much could be accomplished when a real effort was made. Encouraged by their success, some of the girls intend to follow the same lines of work during the winter, and lay aside the money for missions, and thus increase their offerings to send the light to their heathen sisters abroad, and to those in our dear home-land who are still living in superstition and in ignorance of the true light.

Apple Blossoms — A Word to the Girls.

SAYS an exchange: This loitering spring, with its chill rains, raw winds, and leaden skies, seems to relegate the time of apple blossoms to a far-off future. And yet it will come sooner than we know, and its lovely bloom of roseate and silvery sprays will glorify the earth shortly.

We might have an evening indoor festival in church parlor or home drawing-room, decorating it lavishly with the blossoming apple branches until the room is a bower, while appropriate music and recitations vary the hour.

I am in haste at this present writing, and have no time to furbish my wits, or hunt my library for fitting selections, and so think of but one, — Bryant's inimitable, "Planting of the Apple-tree," and the song, as old as it is sweet, "Oh Charming May." But you girls, with your bright forethoughts and after-thoughts, can get up lovely little programs to match the pearl-pink of the house adorning. Of course we would have at least a ten-cent admission fee, to utilize this labor and pleasure for missions.

What do you say, girls? Shall we festoon apple blossoms all along the line of our young ladies' societies? — *Heathen Woman's Friend.*

Our Little folks.



BIRDIES singing love-songs,
 Blossoms in the grass,
 Green things growing
 Everywhere you pass:
 Sudden little breezes,
 Showers of silver dew,
 Black bough and bent twig
 Budding out anew:
 Pine-tree and willow-tree,
 Fringed elm and larch, —
 Don't you think that Maytime's
 Pleasanter than March?

— Adapted from T. B. Aldrich.

WE hope every one of our little folks will read Mrs. Duggan's "Cocoanut Story," which she has written for this month's ECHOES. In the first place, it teaches us a great lesson about the evil of judging another too hastily. And then it tells us of a part of our country, of which we have thought little until recently, which is not very far from us, although as we read about its sugar-cane fields, guava-trees, pomegranate bushes, and cocoa-palms, it seems a great way off. When we look hereafter at our hard brown cocoanuts, we shall think of the large green ones, with the cool, sweet water, which the little girl, of whom Mrs. Duggan tells us, liked so well.

An Afternoon with the Young Folks.

FOR our part, we can't think of any prettier sight, because it means so much, than a lot of little children, and older masters and misses, in holiday dress, assembled for their annual mite-box opening. It was just such a good time as this, in which we unexpectedly found ourselves on the afternoon of March 23d, at Free Street Baptist Church, Portland, Me.

How the eyes did sparkle, black, and brown, and blue! How the ribbons fluttered, — every color of the rainbow! How the vestry piano seemed to talk under the touch of little fingers, and sweet childish voices made music akin to the hosannas heard long ago in the Temple!

As one recitation after another was given, we thought of the careful preparation that had been made for weeks past.

Every once in awhile, we had to steal a glance at the little banks upon the table, wondering how much money they held, and at the piles of yellow jugs, barrels, oranges, and apples that were to be used the coming year. Who will guess the amount in the banks? Right! Fifty dollars! Wasn't that a good round sum? From the report of Laura Wilbur, president, and Winthrop Wilson, secretary, we learned that ten years ago this Band of Willing Workers numbered twenty; now there are one hundred members. Then there was sent to Home and Foreign Missions from \$15 to \$18 per year; now from \$35 to \$50. In the "Home Department," the babies of the church household, are enrolled. A beloved member, Jamie Bain, who joined the band nine years ago, when he was four years old, has been taken away by death, during the past year. This is one of the two deaths that have occurred in the last ten years. The Home Mission money raised goes to Alaska, and the Foreign where it is most needed. Since the last mite-box opening there have been eight meetings, with an average attendance of thirty. A faithful director for eleven years, Miss Maling, has given up her work on account of primary work in the Sunday school, but the Band has good officers from their own number, and a board of directors from the Woman's Missionary Circle. The last glimpse we had of the little folks, was one where they were chatting merrily around the tables, where kind friends had provided ice cream, cake, etc., for the annual mission party. God bless the eighty happy boys and girls we saw that afternoon, and the twenty more, whether active members or baby recruits, who make up Free Street's one hundred "Willing Workers."

A Cocoanut Story.

THE small pink cottage on the Street of Health, in Ponce, Porto Rico, was full of breezes. They frolicked in through the green shutters, from the sugar-cane fields, from the mountains, and from the sea. The cottage was full of dust, too, although it was Saturday afternoon, and everything had been put in apple-pie order once that day. Olive Green, the small daughter of the house, had dusted every round of every chair in the little parlor that very morning, and every book on every shelf and table. Also, she had closed every slat of the shutter doors in the front of the house. Yet here was her mother calling her from her dolls, — Juan, and Juanita, José, and Josefa, — at three o'clock in the afternoon, to dust all over again!

"Such silly old houses these are here in Porto Rico," Olive grumbled to herself, as she promptly, however, obeyed the call. "Not a pane of glass in a single window, and just slat blinds for doors! Of course the dust comes in!"

It was while Olive was giving a finishing polish to the piano-lid that Mrs. Green heard the cocoanut vendor calling through the street, "*Cocos de agua! Cocos frescos de agua!*" "I'll buy some of those fresh cocoanuts for Olive and her father," said Mrs. Green, slipping out upon the balcony.

The cocoanut man selected two fine, large, green nuts from his wheelbarrow, and, before handing them up to the lady, in exchange for six cents, he sliced off a round bit of the shell from the top of each with his machete, or long,

sharp knife. This left a hole in the big nut, out of which came welling up the cool, delicious *agua*, or water, with which the fresh or unripe cocoanut is filled.

This water makes a delicious drink, much sweeter, and more wholesome and abundant than the scanty "milk" of the ripe, hardened cocoanut, and Olive Green was very fond of drinking it from the shell.

The child was called to enjoy her drink in the dining-room, while her mother went back to the baby in the bedroom. After draining the nut, Olive fell to examining the inside. The juice had already begun to form into a white layer inside the green outer shell, but instead of being firm, as is the ripe cocoanut meat, this white substance was soft and jelly-like, just fit to be eaten with a spoon.



A MOUNTAIN MAID OF PORTO RICO.

By the time Mr. Green came in from a horseback ride, and began to drink the *agua* from the hole in the other nut, Olive had scooped out and eaten all of the tender white filling of hers.

"That was good!" she said, decidedly. "There is not a speck of dust in my throat now. No, sir, I cannot eat a bit more. What a pity you don't like the white part, father dear!"

"Well, throw away the shells now, before the ants gather on the table," Mr. Green said, and that was the last of the cocoanuts for that day.

After taking a good-night look at the Southern Cross in the sky, toward the Caribbean Sea, Olive went off to bed early that night.

Juanita, the Porto Rican servant maid, drew the pink mosquito-netting closely about the little iron bed, and then left Olive to her dreams.

The sun was still low down behind the cocoa-palms in the east, when the family sat down to breakfast next day.

Arthur, the baby, in his high chair, was clamorous for his bowl of bread and milk.

"'Poon! 'Poon!" he next demanded, and the mother looked up and down the table with a worried face.

"I have not seen the baby's spoon this morning," she said. "I missed it last night, but hoped it would turn up at breakfast-time. What shall I do about it, Mr. Green?"

"Get Bright Eyes, here, to look for it!" was the prompt reply.

"Maybe Juanita has stolen it," suggested Olive, secure in the fact that the waiting girl knew not a word of English.

"My daughter!" exclaimed the mother, reprovingly. "Never suggest the guilt of another without reason."

Juanita had heard her name called, and hurried to Olive's side to serve her loved little mistress with water or bread and butter.

"I did not ask for anything, Juanita," Olive said, but she looked ashamed, and was glad that Juanita had understood but one word.

Arthur was satisfied with another spoon, and by and by breakfast was over. Olive then took her toddling little brother out into the back yard for a play under the pomegranate bushes, while her mother and Juanita did the housework.

There was a black turkey, rather small and lean, tied in the shade of a guava-tree in a corner, fattening for Christmas, and Arthur amused himself for a time by feeding the fowl with scraps from the trash-basket close by. Olive, meanwhile, swung in a little rope swing hung from a limb.

Presently Arthur trotted up to his sister, his dimpled, bare arms clasping a huge green "ball," as he called it. It was one of the cocoanut shells of yesterday, none the cleaner for its night's repose among the sweepings of the kitchen gathered in the trash-basket.

Olive caught the shell away from the baby's arms to toss it back into the basket, amid Arthur's shrieks for his "pitty ball." Something rattled inside the shell, and even the baby held his breath as Olive hastily inserted her fingers into the small hole and drew out—the missing silver spoon!

"'Poon! 'Poon!" demanded the baby, and together they carried it into the house to mother.

Juanita's dusky face looked a little troubled, bending over the charcoal fire in the kitchen, as Olive passed the door, but it brightened as she saw what Arthur waved above his head.

"The baby's spoon?" she cried, in Spanish, plain enough to Olive. "The señora said it was lost, and that I must help find it. As I knew not where to look, how glad I am that the good God helped you to find it. I asked Him to help!"

Olive's face was red, in the midst of its gladness, as the found spoon told the story of her carelessness to father and mother.

"I am sorry I thought Juanita had stolen it," she confessed, "and I'll try never again to leave a spoon inside a cocoanut. What a good thing it is that Arthur got the shell before the trash man did!"

JANIE FRITCHARD DUGGAN.

